

# THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

Change from a lower to a higher religion without added intelligence is but an increase of superstition.

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HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Look these earth-born sisters—thus the  
Voice  
That all obey,—the sad and silent three;  
Only, while the hosts of Heaven rejoice,  
Sole joys; ask them what their sorrows  
be.  
And when the secret of their griefs they  
tell,  
Look on them with thy mild, half-human  
eyes;  
Say what thou wast on earth; thou knowest  
well;  
So shall they cease from unavailing sighs.  
Why thus start,—the swift-winged herald  
spoke,—  
Sits with silent lips and unstrung lyres  
While the throng's blending chorals wake  
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly  
choirs?

Did not thy sisters,—thus the answer  
came,—  
Children of earth, our half-weaned na-  
ture clings  
To earth's fond memories, and her whis-  
pered name  
Takes our quivering lips, our saddened  
strings;

For there we loved, and where we love is  
home,  
Hence that our feet may leave, but not  
our hearts,  
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted  
dome—  
The chain may lengthen, but it never  
parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,  
And then we softly whisper,—can it be?  
And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try  
To hear the music of its murmuring sea:

Watch, perchance, some flashing glimpse  
of green  
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance,  
wafted through  
The opening gates of pearl, that fold be-  
tween  
The blinding splendors and the change-  
less blue.

Nay, sister, may! a single healing leaf  
Flucked from the bough of yon twelve-  
fruited tree,  
Would soothe such anguish,—deeper stab-  
bing grief  
Has pierced thy throbbing heart—  
—Ah, woe is me!

I from my clinging babe was rudely torn;  
His tender lips a loveless bosom press;  
Can I forget him in my life new born?  
O that my darling lay upon my breast!

—And thou?—  
I was a fair and youthful bride,  
The kiss of love still burns upon my  
cheek,  
He whom I worshipped, ever at my side,  
Him through the spirit realm in vain I  
seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on  
mine;  
Ah! not in these the wished-for look I  
read;  
Still for that one dear human smile I pine;  
Thou and none other!—is the lover's creed.

And whence thy sadness in a world of bliss  
Where never parting comes, nor mourn-  
er's tear?  
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss,  
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere?

Nay, nay, not me with passion's wasting fire;  
When the swift message set my spirit  
free,  
Blind, helpless, lone I left my gray-haired  
sire;  
My friends were many, he had none save  
me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night;  
Alas, for him no cheerful morning's dawn!  
Fears the ransomed spirit's robe of white,  
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is gone.*

To know me not sweet sisters?—All in vain  
Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they  
were;  
The flower once opened may not bud again,  
The fruit once fallen finds the stem no  
more.

Child, lover, sire,—yes, all things loved be-  
low,  
Fair pictures dimmed on a vapor's fold—  
Faded like the roseate dawn, the golden glow,  
When the bright curtain of the day is  
rolled.

I was the babe that slumbered on thy breast,  
—And, sister, mine the lips that called  
these bride.

Mine were the silvered locks thy hand en-  
circled,  
That faithful hand, my faltering footsteps  
guided!

Each changing form, frail vesture of decay,  
The soul and of forgetful once bath worn,  
Stained with the travel of the weary day,  
And shamed with rents from every way-  
side thorn.

To lie, an infant, in thy fond embrace,—  
To come with love's warm kisses back to  
life,—  
To show thine eyes thy gray-haired father's  
face,  
Not Heaven itself could grant; this may not  
be!

Then spread your folded wings, and leave  
to earth  
The dust once breathing ye have mourned  
so long,  
Till Love, now risen, owns his heavenly  
birth,  
And sorrow's discords sweeten into song!

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RACHEL TRUE.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

There is something sweet and ter-  
rible in the recognition by the soul  
of its future destiny. It would seem  
as if at times, we touch the cord  
binding us to all that is to be, and  
there comes back to us the sense,  
dim and uncertain, of the coming  
time. Perhaps there are great  
epochs in our lives, that are like  
springs from which bubble forth lit-  
tle streams that perchance touch our  
feet, and give us a sense of refresh-  
ment or chill, according to the con-  
dition we are in.

I am sure before that memorable  
afternoon, when the whole tenor of  
my life changed, that I had looked  
forth from its routine into the great  
future with a recognition of fatality,  
a sense of expansion as if I was in-  
deed God's child, and that he had  
something to do with me more than  
to lead me beside the still waters.  
It is useless for me to say that I was  
satisfied with my peaceful life. No-  
thing satisfies an earnest soul but  
earnest work. The great possibili-  
ties of being are always expressed  
first in dissatisfaction; and I knew  
that I was only half living in the pro-  
tected life of my home. A great de-  
sire had risen in my soul for some-  
thing besides being passively good.  
One day I said to my father, "I am  
sick of praying forever to be deliver-  
ed from temptation; for a change, I  
wish I might have a little."

"Ah, my Rachel, you little know  
what you say," he replied. "God  
sometimes accepts our challenge be-  
fore we know of it. May he merci-  
fully forget what you have said." There  
was such seriousness in his  
tone that I felt reproached, yet my  
desire was not changed. That sun-  
ny afternoon, the last day of my  
monotonous life, I knew that my  
wish had become a prayer, and was  
recorded in letters that would burn  
and glow, perhaps forever. Just  
how I knew this I cannot tell; we  
can never tell when the greatest  
things happen to us, why they hap-  
pen, or how we know of it.

Thus it was that when the morn-  
ing following the advent of our  
strange visitors arrived, I awakened  
at the first dawn of light with a feel-  
ing of importance. A new day had  
begun in my soul, and all the joy-  
bells of my being were ringing. And  
yet nothing had happened to me,  
and everything was just as hum-  
drum as ever. But I opened my  
window and a new glory was in the  
sky. I certainly believed I had  
never seen such a sunrise. The  
morning glories never opened their  
corollas with such a flash of glory.  
I don't think I had ever known all  
the beauty of that common but regal  
flower. The delicate tissue of rim  
and the satin finish of the tube, the  
tender buds that seemed holding  
some special secret that could not be  
hinted at, and the coarser fabric of  
the leaf that represented that morn-  
ing to me the common duties of  
breakfast and house cleaning—all  
this had poetry for me then. A

sudden impulse seized me to make a  
glory of everything in my life for  
that day. I was soon busy  
with buds and flowers and tender  
vines, and trimmed mantle and  
nook with prodigal hand. And,  
strange to say, I had not thought of  
our visitors. There was a dream  
in my heart just beginning to express  
itself, and that dream was a sense of  
newness of being, its reality was all  
to come.

"Well," said my father as he  
shook the sleep out of his eyes, "are  
we to have a wedding or a christen-  
ing, that we must all be astir so  
early? Come here, my Rachel. I  
have just been thinking that per-  
haps we had better put by Cicero  
and try our hand at a little Greek;  
what say you? If once you could  
translate Homer you'd begin to  
live; and then there is the Greek  
Testament," he said this as if re-  
collecting a duty, "we could enjoy  
that well, couldn't we?"

Greek and morning glories, sun-  
rise and Homer—they somehow  
failed to accord! I could not strike  
a note in unison with the Greek, and  
said a little impatiently:

"I am sick of study; let's have a  
vacation."

A shade of sadness expressive of  
real suffering passed over my father's  
face; he looked me directly in the  
eye, and then stroking my hair, said  
gently, "I suppose it will be so; if it  
had been a boy now, what might it  
not have been!"

"Oh father!" said I, "don't ever  
say that to me. Who made me a  
girl? But I'll be better than any  
boy—a great deal better. I hate  
them all. They're selfish and rude,  
and have no hearts. Don't tell me  
you wish I were one. I can't  
bear it."

"Then it wasn't those boys that  
came yesterday that upset my little  
girl's brain, and made her rant us all  
up before sunrise, and put flowers all  
over the house?"

"What a ridiculous papsy," I said,  
kissing him.

But not so went away the thoughts  
the words called out. Was I indeed  
so silly as to adorn the house for two  
boys, as my father called them, one  
of them only Sissy, and the other  
much like Deacon Smith? I would  
tear down my wreaths, and pull the  
rose out of my hair; and this I did  
speedily, and went up stairs singing  
most dolefully, "From Greenland's  
icy mountains."

And that is just the way, I have  
often noticed, that old people take  
the romance out of young ones. There  
is no ridicule, only a severe observa-  
tion of just the thing that ought not  
to be noticed. My little poem had  
just begun to be sung, and it was  
turned into a dull chant. I ate my  
breakfast and listened to the morn-  
ing prayer with a very unsanctified  
mien, and then turned with resigned  
grace to my books. But before I  
had seated myself the eastern door  
was shaded, and a light step sound-  
ed on the floor of the little entry.

"You see I've come bright and ear-  
ly, according to agreement; so early  
I had to come alone. Isn't it a  
morning made on purpose;  
and only to think that there  
is just that soft mist over  
everything! By and by it will be  
golden, and then it will vanish in  
glory. I'll take a look now, for I  
mustn't lose anything—no, not a sin-  
gle point. Artists, you know, catch  
the happy moment when light and  
shade are in perfect rapport, so to  
say, when one glorifies the other and  
one subdues and heightens; and he  
must not forget a single point of  
harmony. Harmony is the thing;  
any picture that is harmonious is  
perfect."

My father took all this with amia-

bility, and I was at once in my  
dream again. We all followed our  
visitor to the western door, where  
we were to see the valley and moun-  
tains in their morning glory.

"Sublimity," commenced our hero  
again, "you were right, Miss True.  
You must have an artist soul. I am  
enchanted only to see that light  
transfiguring the hard stone. Won-  
derful, isn't it? that's nature; yes, na-  
ture is divine. I'll worship her as  
my God. Excuse me Mr. True, but  
really nature is mother God."

My father here tried to say a few  
words but there was no use. The  
conversation was like a wilful child;  
it would turn in one way; and I was  
too happy in listening to try to change  
it, and my father was caught by its  
brilliance, as we are sometimes  
dazzled by a web of spider's silk and  
dust that glistens in the morning  
sun. My father had such a kind  
heart that he was always ready to be  
pleased, and often was taken captive  
by some cheerful spirit that could  
beguile him from his severe study  
and stern sense of duty. I have of-  
ten wondered which had the greater  
power; one with a deep, unexpressive  
temper, or one with shallow but  
exuberant spirits. We must com-  
pare one to the deep spring that is  
never dry, and that reflects the glory  
of the heavens and the sweetness of  
the flowers and grass, and the other to  
the gushing effervescent fountain that  
is never silent, but becomes a mist  
and a rainbow, just as external things  
compel it.

I am sure that all nature express  
the infinite variety and harmony of  
God, and that all are but utterances  
of divine music. Yet how hard for  
us to forget the personalities of exist-  
ence! We make individuals re-  
sponsible, and measure others by our  
conceptions of divinity, which is  
just as wrong as to measure a star by  
an inch rule; since it is only by the  
lens of divine charity that we can  
magnify virtues into a possibility of  
measurement.

## TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY LECTURE.

Delivered by Judge Holbrook before the First So-  
ciety of Spiritualists of Chicago, March 31st 1871.

This is the twenty-fourth year of  
the existence of modern Spiritualism,  
and it may be well to take a view of  
its present condition and standing;  
what it purports to be, and what may  
be expected of it.

By modern Spiritualism we mean  
the recent addition of proofs, the evi-  
dences recently furnished of a sci-  
entific character, as to the fact that  
there is a human soul capable of ex-  
istence outside our physical frame;  
as to its mode and conditions of ex-  
istence, and as to the relationship  
that exists between that soul and its  
creator, and its kindred creatures.  
We must not be understood as say-  
ing that there have not been, all  
along the line of the ages, evidences  
similar to those now furnished; in-  
deed we maintain that there have  
been; but they have been so few, so  
private, so impalpable, that they  
have not addressed themselves to  
mankind in general; have not been  
subjected to the scrutiny of contin-  
uous and scientific investigation, to  
critical inquiry and analysis. They  
have not been such as resolved the  
doubts of the skeptical reasoner, pro-  
ducing, like science, undoubted con-  
victions, and the stronger upon the  
greater research; but they have been  
sufficient only to startle the imagi-  
nations of the fearful and enhance the  
bigotry of the superstitious. Not  
only "the angels visit have been few  
and far between," but their stay has  
been short, and their messages of  
doubtful import. The lights from  
the spiritual world, unlike the stars  
of the natural world that steadily  
shine from their high places through  
all the heavens, have emitted only  
faint quivering rays through the  
openings in the clouds, that have  
closed again, only rendering, if pos-  
sible, the darkness the more visible  
and the more terrible. They have  
much resembled the phosphorescent  
lights of the swamps, (*ignis fatuus*)  
that have immediately evaded

the wanderer's eye, or have led him  
into deeper solitudes and left him, at  
last, in a frenzied bewilderment.  
Hence the world has groped in dark-  
ness as to the all absorbing subject  
of religion. Humanity, without ac-  
tual knowledge, without the guiding  
star of reason, and without the he-  
im of judgment, (at least without avail-  
ing itself of them,) has been practi-  
cally like a helpless ship at sea, with-  
out chart, compass or rudder, the  
winds driving ever onward; and as  
nature, nevertheless, has through the  
intuitions, and through consciousness,  
taught that there was to be a life here-  
after with conditions in some way  
connected with this life, and had yet  
furnished only such indifferent proofs  
as permitted imagination and igno-  
rance without successful competi-  
tion, fear, fanaticism and the lust of  
power, have swayed the race, and  
filled the world with innumerable  
creeds and dogmas, which have been  
deemed the more expressive of true  
religion as they have been the more  
against reason, and incapable of  
proof. The result has been hatred,  
pride, arrogance, self-righteousness,  
hypocrisy, war, conquest; an inver-  
sion of all the religious faculties in  
their proper operation and results.

But now we feel that we have a  
right to say that a light has arisen  
upon this darkness—a light that  
comes as a morning sun on the clouds  
and shadows of night. The poetry  
and prophecy of the past have been  
more than actualized in the present.  
The prayer for more light, the prayer  
that some one would come to us from  
the dead—a sensible, natural prayer,  
and that would no longer be put off  
with the unsatisfactory reply, "ye  
believe not Moses and the prophets,  
neither will ye believe though one  
rise from the dead"—has been an-  
swered at last. The veil that has  
separated the two worlds has been  
rent, and revealed the resurrection of  
all the supposed dead as an accom-  
plished fact, and we can repeat with  
triumphant assurance, "O grave,  
where is thy victory?—O death, where  
is thy sting?" The heavens are  
opened, not for one voice, and one  
messenger, and one people alone,  
but for the hosts above and unto all  
mankind.

An ancient servant of God saw,  
(but in a dream only,) a ladder reach-  
ing unto heaven, and the angels as-  
cending and descending upon it.  
Those angels were deemed the mes-  
sengers of God, of awful presence,  
strangers to humanity, and as it  
would seem, exciting more of fear  
than love. Now the heavens them-  
selves have come down; a better than  
such angels, our kind sympathizing  
friends who have drunk the cup of  
human life, with all its sad experi-  
ences, tasted of sickness, death and  
the grave, one with us in the com-  
mon bond of humanity, are with  
us, extending to us messages of love,  
their blessed communion, and kindly  
care. The promise "Seek and ye  
shall find; knock and it shall be  
opened unto you;" if we but obey  
the kindly injunction, "Whosoever  
hath ears to hear let him hear," is  
now actualized though tardily for  
man's impatient zeal, whether we  
place our ear to hear the beatings of  
the great heart of nature, or the tiny  
raps, or the sweet, whispering spirit-  
voices that lovingly answer our call.

Yes, we are in communion with the  
spirit world. The recognized meth-  
ods of communication are so numer-  
ous and so variable that we could  
not now undertake to recount them.  
The first, the rappings, commenced  
twenty four years ago in Rochester,  
New York, which as they continued,  
became intelligible, attracted public  
attention, and were called the "Roch-  
ester knockings." Thence, from  
month to month, from year to year,  
they extended in power and diversity,  
ill now we number as among the  
forms of manifestation also table tip-  
ping, and their kindred physical  
demonstrations quite unlimited in ex-  
tent, and recently culminating in the  
seeming presence of departed corpo-  
real forms; clairvoyance, which sees  
the spirit forms, clairaudience, which  
hears the spirit voices; spirit paint-  
ing, which puts on canvas the spirit  
forms as they were in mortal, and as  
they are now in spirit life; obsession,  
possession and control of the organi-  
zation by the spirits; inspiration, the  
influx of thought from the spirit  
world, prophecy, the resolution of  
future events by some power un-  
known to us; in fine, by instructions

in all department of learning and  
acquiry, from the mag my down  
through religion, science, government  
and society, to the common affairs of  
life.

So great are its appliances that no  
believer will hesitate to say, and no  
unbeliever will refuse to admit, if its  
claims are true as we propose to  
prove them, that in its length and its  
breadth, its height and its depth, it  
is by far the greatest proposition,  
and must bring the greatest blessing  
ever offered to humanity. But it is  
on the subject of religion that its  
highest importance is manifest. It  
makes a science of religion, and there-  
fore corrects the errors into which it  
has fallen. It teaches us from the  
standpoint of knowledge what we are,  
how to live, and what is our destiny;  
that we are in fact according to our  
hopes, immortal, living now a part  
of a never ending spirit life; that  
progression is a law of that life, as it  
is also of this; that death is a neces-  
sary incident in that progression  
from lower to higher conditions; that  
there is no "fall of man," no "total  
depravity," no "infallible guide"  
above human reason, no "interceding  
priesthood," no "salvation by faith,  
or grace, or blood," no "resurrection  
of the body," no "final judgment,"  
no reprobation and final doom of the  
wicked," no "scheme of salvation," in  
whole or in part in the theological  
sense of these dogmas; but this  
instead, that the present animated  
soul lives on—death, so called being  
but a recession, by natural law, of  
that which, by decay and disorgani-  
zation, and performance of function,  
is no longer useful—and that man's  
salvation—his progression to better  
conditions, is attained under nature's  
laws that so provide, by aspiration  
and effort, through the acquisition of  
knowledge and the influx of wisdom  
from every source within the whole  
universe of God.

As a scientific religion it stands  
and will prevail against the existing  
religion, as the science of astronomy  
has stood and has prevailed against  
the crude and unproved notions of  
old astronomy. It was once thought  
that the earth was the center of crea-  
tion, and that the stars were lights  
but a little way off in the firmament.  
Then comets, eclipses, electric lights,  
volcanoes, tides, all not understood,  
portended evil, and generated fears  
that culminated in the idea of an all  
destroying conflagration and thou-  
sands of lesser fantasies. All this  
cohort of errors trooped away like  
church yard ghosts when true science  
came, with its array of proofs, that  
the stars were worlds millions of  
miles away, and that all these seem-  
ing prodigies were but natural phe-  
nomena in the line of unvarying law  
governing the physical world. A  
like triumph awaits Spiritualism  
coming with the power of scientific  
demonstration in the spiritual and  
religious world. It will resolve all  
errors, the mists of pretended mys-  
teries and unintelligible dogmas,  
and find their value, if any, will es-  
tablish in reason the good and the  
true, will lighten the world with a  
greater wisdom, will warm it with a  
greater love, and will thus draw it up  
to a better condition and a higher  
life.

The religious element of man is  
one that pervades his entire nature  
so far that through it he has suffered  
his greatest miseries, and may attain  
his greatest happiness. With many,  
and perhaps a large majority, this  
element is permitted so far to domi-  
nate all others as to hold them in re-  
straint and subjection to tyrannical  
powers, and to agonizing fears from  
early infancy until death, which is  
ever defined to be the king of terrors;  
life itself is deemed to be a burden,  
a pilgrimage through a dark valley,  
filled with thorns and pitfalls, worse  
than lions on every side, unseen Apol-  
lons in the air, an angry jealous  
God above, the duties of life heavy  
crosses which the pilgrim must bear,  
and he must ever meet the more than  
even chances of banishment from the  
presence of his God, and his hopes  
for heaven, as a proper result from  
his sinful nature and life, and his  
want of faith in some unproved, if not  
unprovable dogma.

Is such a religion a true religion?  
or if there be any truth in such, how  
far is it true and how far false? and  
further, if this be considered the  
main untrue, is there any such thing  
as religion based on nature and culture  
worthy of consideration and culture  
and if so, what is it?

[Continued on Eighth Page.]



For the Present Age.  
THE RELIGION OF PROGRESS.

BY F. MC COLLYER.

Yes, the world's becoming brighter,  
Daily life grows more sublime,  
As the mind of man is climbing  
Up the golden steps of time;  
Tis a glorious thought that's burning  
In the mind of man to-day,  
Every soul in rapture turning,  
To behold the better way.

Man has learned a glorious lesson  
From the ages of the past,  
And our Father's choicest blessing  
Has been given in the last.  
Yes, this glorious age of reason,  
Shakes the world from pole to pole,  
And the voice of inspiration  
Binds us ever soul to soul.

Man has been so superstitious  
In the ages that are gone,  
Tis no wonder that it blinds him,  
When he comes from dark to dawn;  
But the radiant morn of reason  
Opens wide each prison door,  
And the immortal soul is speeding  
Over to life's other shore.

Yes, the world is growing brighter,  
Day by day each noble man,  
Grows the image of his Maker,  
Through our spirit Father's plan;  
All the ages that have vanished,  
Flowing to the mighty past,  
Paved the shining path of reason  
In the glorious age, the last.

For the Present Age.  
THE BOSTON ORGANIZATION, "SPIRITUALIST UNION."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The organization of a Society of Spiritualists in Boston with a platform of principles, calls forth the animadversions of one of your correspondents, who freely applies epithets to the movement and stigmatizes it in the harshest language he is capable of using. I fail to comprehend the feelings of the writer, or why he seeks to cast reproach upon the most practical effort yet made by Spiritualists. In order to have a strong and influential central organization, we must have strong local organizations. As long as the local societies languish and are wanting in vitality, any organization created by their delegates must be of necessity a house built on the sands. The experiment has been tested and found valueless. A delegated convention, the delegates to which have no power to vote for their constituents, or to bind them in any manner, is a farce and a sham; a mere children's game, and the result, inanity.

What would you then? a creed, and a central dictatorship? Would you have the National Convention pass resolutions, and enact business, and obligate the local societies to accept its action?

I fully anticipate your criticism and your questions. This is what I would have:—

Strong local associations, free from debt, with a cash balance, and exerting a healthy and controlling influence on the society where located. This necessitates the rallying around some cardinal idea or ideas; something more than the constitution of a mere lecture committee. It necessitates a platform of principles, which may be termed a creed, if that word be chosen. This platform represents the society to the world. If it be asked, what do you believe? it gives a ready answer. The organization is established for the purpose of promulgating the principles therein expressed. It stands on a sure base, and is able thereby of imposing a bold front.

If these local societies deem it advisable for any purpose to unite their efforts, their delegates meet in convention—real delegates, not self-constituted. The results of the deliberations of this senate will be obligatory on the societies represented. I do not say that such a senate is desirable at present, but if a national convention is held at all, its deliberations must have this force or else it is a farce, like the many already held.

What is the offending of these close communion Spiritualists of Boston? They have adopted the statement of principles made by A. E. Newton, which have been published in every Spiritual journal in America and England, and endorsed by Spiritualists with scarcely an exception. They say these present our belief, and by this platform we desire to be estimated.

Suppose a class of Spiritualists to

have become disgusted with the loose methods of applying the term "Spiritualism" to every "ism" and "issue" that may arise, and seek to clearly define it and give it form and reality, have they not the right? And is it the part of a fellow Spiritualist, to debar their garments with slimy epithets? We think not, nor is Spiritualism responsible for their opposition. There are those who see in it only a convenient pack-horse to carry their own pet hobbies, and such become violently agitated if it is whispered that this heavenly Pegasus is not intended for their individual use. Such are chagrined when told that there are those who do not accept their definition of the province of Spiritualism. Now that the necessity for clear and sharply drawn lines is felt, we fear they will be no longer able to extend Spiritualism over the innumerable reforms and hobbies which thus far, like veritable "Sinbads" have fastened themselves on its garments. The tendency is in this direction, and by clear definitions, and distinct enunciation of principles, the Spiritualist will not occupy his present ambiguous and anomalous position.

The Cleveland Lyceum has adopted a "catechism," prepared by Thos. Lees, containing twenty one articles, in substance similar to the "creed" of the Boston Spiritual Union.

It is again in our literature, and now the children of that Lyceum propose to commit it to memory. And when they do so, and have its answers fully explained to them, they will thoroughly understand the cardinal principles held by Spiritualists, and have ready answers to almost every question that may be asked in reference thereto.

A "creed" in Boston, and a "Spiritualists catechism" in Cleveland, has an ominous sound to those who would leave it in chaos. Perhaps lecturers may learn what societies desire when they engage them to lecture on Spiritualism, and not suppose partizan politics, temperance, etc., *ab initio* are included. We recall to mind a society who at much sacrifice engaged a "celebrated" lecturer, hoping that through his instrumentality, the philosophy of Spiritualism would be so forcibly proclaimed that even "the outsiders" would be convinced. What was their chagrin when his first lecture was on "temperance" and his second on "pre-natal conditions." Both were good enough, and so might have been a lecture on astronomy, or "Symmes Hole," but they were not what the time and place demanded.

"The Spiritualists Union" may not be perfect in its conception, but it possesses the elements of strength, and is a step in the right direction. Let it go forward; consolidate itself, erect a hall, gather a library, and exert a wide intellectual, moral and social influence, and be copied in every city and town. Then a central organization may become necessary, in which all local societies will have a voice, and active part.

For the Present Age.  
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

BY W. J. SWEASEY.

NUMBER II.

Previous to my arrival in the settled portion of the country there had been some murders perpetrated by Indians on whites. I can enumerate four; two young men by the name of Cooper who were probably murdered while they slept in the mountains, a man by the name of Van Dusen, and another on Eel river. All of these parties were guilty of any of the cruelties to Indians justly chargeable to the settlers. Shortly after I settled here there was a meeting held to take into consideration the necessity of cleaning out the Indians. One of the principal charges was that some Indian had used insulting language to one of the settlers' wives; another that a squaw had asked a pious brother for some bread, and on his refusal to give it to her, had told him in three words to go to a more tropical region than California. For a time it seemed likely that the object of the meeting would be carried. Remember that a very large portion of the men assembled, at that very time were living with native women, but they decided to

let them alone a little longer. On the return of the injured husband and his wife's brother they fell in with an Indian and shot him down, thus satisfying wounded honor.

Not having pasturage enough for my cattle in the settlement, and having some objections to Bear river, I went with another man to look at the country known as Bald Hills. A short time before, a white man had been killed there, and in consequence there was a bad feeling against the Indians. The facts were these. The white man had a squaw from the mountain tribes. The Indians held a sort of jubilee once a year, when the mountain tribes came down to the coast, and exchanged bows and arrows, and a kind of grass (treated something like flax and then spun and made into nets,) for dried fish, clams, and some pieces of shell, which they recognized as money—occasionally swapping squaws. On this occasion the whites had got so numerous that the mountain tribes were afraid to go down, though the white man assured them of his protection and their safety.

The suspected Indians were attacked in the night, whether by concert or not I cannot say; and some of them were killed. The first time the white man went into the Hills, they believing he had betrayed them, killed him; this fact was published in our county paper, and copied by the press over the world; but the provocation on the Indian side was never made public I presume until now, for whenever a white man was killed, or a house robbed, our local paper was eloquent on the outrage, and of course the whole civilized world was made acquainted with the fact. But when one or a half dozen Indians were killed in cold blood, the same paper notified the world that another good Indian had gone to the happy hunting ground, or a half dozen as the case might be, which announcement was seldom copied, and so the matter rested.

One morning in company with another man I had just left camp in the Hills, when I saw an Indian stealthily coming up a gulch, evidently watching game in the bush, and he did not see us. My companion insisted on shooting him, to prevent which I fired my rifle in the air. It was fun to see him run; I have no doubt he fancied we had shot at him. Had I hesitated one minute his run would have been a short one. That night we camped with some packers on Mud river. One of them told us that some two years before they had camped at that same place, and some Indians had a ranch above; that after supper some one said, "let's go and get a squaw apiece;" they went up to the ranch but the women had all left; a quarrel ensued between them and the Indian men; one of the packers was shot in the arm. They then commenced a slaughter of men and children, and the wretch showed the rock where, taking two babies by the heels, he dashed their brains out. This is but one of the outrages of which I could tell. After that some Indians made a raid on Cooper's mill, owned by the two brothers already mentioned, and within half a mile of my house. A party was organized to go in pursuit. They had stolen sacks of flour and clothing, but were so hard pressed that they had to abandon their booty. We found their ranch where they had a very large winter's store of grass seed, their staple food; this the whites destroyed as well as their stolen flour; this proceeding seemed in accordance with the rules of war, but what was the result? Our cattle were roaming all over their country, but so far they had not molested them. Partly by robbery, partly by swapping squaws and children with the whites, they had got arms and contrived some way to get powder. Driven to extremity they now made free with our cattle and horses. Many herds had to be driven in, and life out of the settlements was insecure. Indians were shot at sight, some working in the fields, and friendly ones in their legitimate business on the highway.

I with my young son was returning home one Saturday evening from the mountains, where we had been getting our cattle together to prevent

their straying too far. We met on the road about twenty men and boys, all armed. I knew their business, but it was impossible to pass them to warn the poor wretches whom a few hours before we had seen all unconscious of harm. They surrounded their wigwams, and I never heard that any escaped except a few children. On their return two of the children cried and could not be quieted. They set them up, counted the spaces from them, and then shot them dead. Their treatment of the squaws was too horrible to relate. Opposite where I now write in the town of Eureka, in the bay there is an island, known as Indian Island. On the same night there was a large assembly of Indians on the island; they were attacked by a crowd of white men; others were stationed on the main land to shoot any poor wretch who might succeed in swimming the bay. In the morning some of the citizens who had heard the noise went over, and a more dreadful sight was never seen. A few men, women and children, over forty in all, were literally hacked to pieces with hatchets, some dying, some dead. Most of the strong men escaped. One humane person brought over an infant that he took from its dead mother's breast. When his wife came to strip off the clothes, its spine was found cut in two by a blow from an axe. These poor creatures were as harmless as it is possible for human beings to be; the women for a pittance washed for the white women, and were patronized by white men. The men sawed wood, caught fish, dug clams, and did any little job for nominal pay, but the Indians in the mountains were shooting our cattle, and they got their powder somewhere, but where, was the question. The Coast Indians did not make powder, and the law forbade white men to sell them any. A white man saw some beef over on the Island, and that was enough. On that suspicion about thirty human beings were killed on Eel river, above Eagle prairie, over forty on Indian Island, and another lot the number of which I never heard, on a ranch near the mouth of Eel river. What wretches the Indians are! Now murders are frequent, and many of those who were participants in those bloody outrages have met with violent deaths, some by the hands of Indians in the far north, some nearer home. Others have sold out and removed to the settled parts of the state, hoping, but in vain, to escape from the retribution that awaits them. The morning after these massacres I heard some of the perpetrators quoting Scripture in justification of their crimes. Was it surprising that murders of white men were common, and that too frequently good men were selected?

An Indian who had been raised by the whites, when captured, knowing his death was near, in reply to the question why they did not kill the white men who lived with squaws, promptly replied that: "you have done us all the harm you can. You despise those whites, as we do; to kill them would give you no trouble or anxiety, so we kill your best men."

This state of things could not last. We wanted their lands, we wanted security for our property. A war inaugurated in earnest. A battalion was organized, Reservations bought to support it. Our government paid enormous sums to starve and ill-use the poor wretches that we had deprived of their country and homes. A moiety of the sum thus spent would have been sufficient less than two years ago in honest, capable hands, to have educated the whole of them to be useful. Our Reservations are the means of making fortunes for those who get the appointments, and of reducing the poor wretches to a worse state of barbarism than ever they knew before. They are filthier, worse fed, more degraded than they would be if let alone to care for themselves. You see squaws without shoes, but with costly dresses, and shawls worth from twenty to forty dollars on their shoulders, the presents of officers and men belonging to the United States army and attaches of the Reservation. My assertion that the Reservation is a brothel is proved by the many half-breed children that are found there.

On the other hand a few of the Indians work, raise wheat from which flour is made that the Indians never eat, meat is paid for that they never get, clothes and blankets are sent to them, yet they are ragged and almost naked.

There is another thing that ought to be said; the Indians on this coast are willing to work, easily taught, the women have made good house servants, and none of them taste liquor. During eighteen years that I have lived near them I have never seen one drunk. There are a few settled about this bay, male and female, who work for a living, clothe themselves decently, ask no aid from any one, yet at intervals there is an attempt made to send them to the Reservation. I could enumerate more instances, and only hope that our local press will attempt to disprove what I have written.

Less than twenty years ago we came upon a lot of natives uncontaminated by contact with the white race, who had the advantage of Christian education. All the earliest settlers found them kind and hospitable. The natural resources of the country were ample for their use. I have seen over one hundred head of elk in a drove, not wilder than Spanish cattle, some of them weighing from five hundred to six hundred pounds; I have seen in the valleys deer so numerous that they looked like a drove of sheep; their rivers and bays abounded with fish and clams; in the season their plains were covered with geese and ducks; an excellent root grew in swamp lands that was very nutritious; clover grew very sweet and abundant, which when in bloom they gathered with their hands and ate, and grass seed was very plenty. When coming here one of my companions said to me, "How can all these live? there can be no room for white men." They were numerous indeed, but in twenty years the Indians and elk are all gone, deer scarce, there being but a remnant left to prove they ever lived. If this is a proof of our civilization, of our religion, of our superiority, I blush to know it.

### Scientific.

—On the hardest adamant some foot-prints of a man are stamped in; the last year of the host will read traces of the earliest man.—CARLYLE.

For the Present Age.

### GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XXVII.

BY PROF. E. WHITTE.

*The geological winter.* It is probable that two causes mainly contributed to produce the frigid climate in the Temperate Zone during the Glacial epoch,—one terrestrial, the other astronomical. The first and principal cause, was undoubtedly the high altitude of the regions traversed by the ancient glaciers; to which was added cosmical influences resulting from the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and consequent variations of distance between the earth and sun. I will endeavor to estimate the bearing of these two influences on the problem it is attempted to solve.

First, then, is it probable that the lands in the Temperate Zone ever had a greater altitude than now; and if so, should the effect upon climate be so great? The evidence in favor of this greater elevation may not be conclusive, yet I think sufficient to leave but little room for doubt. It has already been noted that the entire Tertiary period witnessed unusual oscillations in the earth's crust; also, that the area of most prominent action was well toward the equator; that the movements in the crust were along restricted lines, and consisted mainly in the elevation of the great mountain chains; but in the Post-tertiary, the oscillating energies were transferred to the high latitudes, and exerted upon the broad areas of the continent.

That the continent was much higher than now, is proved by the deeply excavated channels of the Hudson, Mississippi, Columbia, Golden Gate, etc., which could never have been cut by the streams that now occupy them, unless when flowing with greater rapidity and at a lower level than they now do. Similar submarine troughs lead out

from the mouths of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, showing that the Susquehanna, Potomac, York and James rivers were once branches of a single stream, which like the Schuylkill, had its mouth far to the east of the present coast line. (Newberry.)

The depth of the trough of the Hudson is not known, but it is plainly a channel of erosion, now submerged and become an area of the sea. This channel is marked on the sea bottom for a long distance from the coast, and far beyond point where the present river can exert any erosive action, and hence it is the record of a period when the Atlantic coast was several hundred feet higher than now. (Dana.)

Not only was the glacial winter connected with high-latitude elevations, but its decline was associated with a depression of the same area some below its present altitude. The subsidence was at the close of the Drift, and beginning of the Chalk plain epoch. The country from Montreal to the foot of Lake Ontario was covered to the depth of several hundred feet with salt water, denuded by the marine shell deposits. Lake Champlain was submerged to an equal depth. The lakes farther west encroached upon their shores three hundred to four hundred feet above their present limits. On the Pacific side of the continent the subsidence was several hundred feet. When we remember that this subsidence was just at the close of the Drift, and remark the coincidence of a cold climate with continental elevation, and a warm climate with continental depression, they should think, be regarded as something more than an accidental relationship. The facts would seem to prove the alternations of climate in the same latitude, are mainly dependent upon change in the altitude of the land. Dana says:

There were great oscillations of level in the Post-tertiary, (which includes the Glacial epoch,) as well as the Tertiary, but the Post-tertiary were mainly high latitude oscillations, being most prominent over the colder latitudes of the globe. \* \* \* According to the view presented in the preceding pages, there was an upward oscillation in the Glacial epoch, a downward in the Champlain epoch, (Champlain immediately followed the Glacial epoch, and an upward of moderate extent in the Tertiary epoch. \* \* \* A cause of this transfer of the area of oscillation to high latitudes may be this: that the accumulation of the successive formations on the temperate and tropical zones, and the elevation of the lofty mountains of the globe across the same regions, together with the metamorphism of part of the rocks had so weighted, ribbed, and stiffened them in these parts, that it was less yielding to any oscillating force than that of the regions more to the north, which till now had been comparatively the stable area.

But how does altitude affect climate? It affects climate by penetrating different strata of the atmosphere. The climatic conditions at not wholly dependent upon the amount of heat the earth receives from the sun; for the heat that reaches us from our solar lumina is modified in its effects by the atmosphere through which it is transmitted; and quite differently at different heights. The diffused warmth which prevails in any region, depends mostly on the amount of heat absorbed by the atmosphere from the solar rays; and the upper regions of the atmosphere have a small capacity for this absorption compared with its lower stratum. Experiments prove that high mountains receive as much heat from the sun, in proportion to surface, as the lower valleys and plains, but this heat is radiated immediately back into space; the atmosphere about elevated summits lacking the capacity to hold and diffuse it. But strictly speaking, it is not the air which arrests the solar beams, but something which the air contains, and this something in consequence of its increased gravity, is found in much the largest proportion in the lowest atmospheric stratum. Tyndall has shown by his experiments that atmospheric air when purified from foreign matter is incompetent to shatter a single calorific wave; "it is a practical vacuum as regards the rays of heat." But the etherial waves transmitted from the sun, which "glide among the atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, and



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## The Present Age.

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## EPIPHANISM.

In the *Banner of Light* of April 20th we find a synopsis of the remarks of Robert Dale Owen, made at Terre Haute, Ind., upon the occasion of the Anniversary March 31st. Many reasons could be given for a close attention to whatever so able and distinguished a friend may have to say; and there are very few whose lead we should follow with so little debate, and this as much from our sense of the goodness of his character, as from a conviction of his intelligence.

While Mr. Owen's remarks cover a wide field, and touch with clearness and force upon many points, there are but one or two to which we feel inclined in any degree to take exception, or upon which we would offer a word of criticism. The author of "The Debatable Land," who some years ago was widely known as a skeptic, and denounced as an infidel and atheist, now astonishes his former co-workers by announcing himself as a disciple of Jesus; nor is he contented with this alone, but assumes that he is not only an exponent of the sentiments and principles of Spiritualists "as a general rule," but of the views common to "ninety-nine out of a hundred" of those who "possess any religion at all."

Jesus, whom he calls Christ, our teacher regards "as the great Founder of Spiritualism," nearest whom he places Socrates. Why Jesus who even upon orthodox record, has no claim to greater things than those preceding and following him should be so regarded, does not appear to our mind. His so-called miracles are repeated of others anterior to him; his teachings were all plagiarized, copied from those before—at least not original, and his personal character, even as idealized in the poetry of Christian gospels, unfit for general imitation; certainly as a whole not much better than some of his predecessors. Jesus was, however, either so nearly, or so entirely a myth, there can be no certainty about the matter.

Mr. Owen insists that Christianity is the teaching of Jesus, and claims the liberty in common with the hundreds of Christian sects, to give his own idea of what Jesus said, and what he meant by his utterances. This worthy brother counsels us, that Spiritualism "may properly be called Spiritual Epiphany," and in his excellent last book, advises that we denominate ourselves "Epiphanyists," since Epiphany is recognized by the church, being miracles like the transfiguration reported of Jesus. At the same time he does not consider the teachings of Jesus a finality, but looks for higher revelations yet to come, as the privilege of humanity. All this may find favor with those Spiritualists still enclerked, and they will thank Mr. Owen for this plank over the current of radicalism into the Primitive Christian Progressive Spiritual Humanitarian Broad Church of the Universal Epiphanyists.

Mr. Owen "could not credit the statement of its opposers that Spiritualists were seeking to substitute Spiritualism for Christianity;" it is not creditable perhaps that any one seeks to displace that which he calls Christianity, by any thing; but there are many, very many Spiritualists who are seeking to educate the people out of that jumble of Pauline dogmatism and pagan superstition once endorsed by the Nicene Council, which is the only thing that by common understanding and fair construction can be called Christianity. To call any sect Christian except the orthodox is to contravene common sense, and tends to confusion and misunderstanding. Our purpose is the abolition of ideas of

trinitarian Gods; personal devils; brimstone bells; vicarious atonements, and sectarian heavens. We mean too, the overthrow of ecclesiasticism—all this is recognized as Christianity—is Christianity technically at least, and for it we would substitute The Science, Philosophy and Religion of Spiritualism.

It is not to be inferred that he would have Spiritualists "subscribe any set creed," they are warned against doing so, and their counselor speaks against "general" and "self-constituted conventions," from an apprehension that they will be "tempted to assume the rights to endorse for all Spiritualists" matters "not essentially connected with Spiritualism," or to dictate a creed. At the same time the Indiana State Association is approved, and all others like it commended. We do not share the fears expressed, and cannot therefore join in the opposition to a National Delegate Convention. We have seen nothing in the past, and foresee nothing now, which would impel us to do so.

"We want no Spiritual ruler set over us" more than friend Owen, but as we have national and international conventions and associations of men of science, without hindrance to mental liberty, but to the advance of science, even though they propound theories and agree upon demonstrated facts and laws; so we may have general conventions as in the past, not self-constituted altogether, but representative, which aside from the transaction of such business as may become a convocation of State Associations, (approved by Mr. Owen,) shall announce as the result of wide spread observation, the knowledge and opinions of its members, in the form perhaps of resolutions.

This would not be to dictate a creed, but to aid in the upbuilding of science; the unfolding of philosophy. We cannot see the importance of avoiding a general conference with a view to correct and harmonize our views, in the interests of science and truth; nor can we be frightened by any statement we may be induced to make of our conclusions. We have no more fear of such evils as Mr. Owen anticipates, than that the British or American Association for the Advancement of Science, will hale us to prison and the stake, because our idea of human origin may not be orthodox Darwinianism!

Even if the humanitarian sympathies of such an assembly should become manifest in approval of scientific reform and active reformers, we are convinced "the cause" in all its vigor would still survive. That they should assume to represent without authority in any binding way the millions who think with them, would be intolerable if it ever were, as it has not been, attempted.

## FIRST SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY—CHICAGO.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

We have never known a more rapid and healthy growth of any society nor one giving greater promise of permanence and usefulness in the future, than does the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago. Dr. S. J. Avery, the president, himself a host, aided by Mr. Williams, Dr. Davis, L. Bushnell, C. Eaton, J. L. Hunt and many others whose names we cannot at this moment call to mind, are working most energetically and determinedly, not only to build up a society, but to secure for themselves in the not distant future a permanent place of their own wherein to meet. Last Sunday evening Mr. Howe was greeted by a larger congregation than at any former time. His subject, "Education," was treated in a masterly manner. In the morning a subject was called for and the following question came up from the audience: "What is the difference between Soul and Spirit?" Of the answer we can only give the following brief extract:

Definitions change as our knowledge advances. Words are signs of ideas and things. As an understanding of a thing changes, the meaning of the word that represents it is correspondingly modified. Thus, love is a word that represents a principle or power that acts between man and

man, and man and woman. It means much or little; purity or passion, according to the status of the person using it. We read of the "Dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit," implying a distinct identity for each, yet intimately allied and correlated. All things have souls. The Soul of Nature is the medium of all her developments. The realm of imperceptibles, others, essences, electricity and magnetism represents the changeable and impressible sphere between the spiritual and physical. Physical Nature is the crucible in which infinite Spirit elaborates order out of the chaotic mobility of this middle plane of elements. As these rise under the transforming touch of spiritual power, they organize permanently in that higher body of nature, the objective sphere, known as Summer Land.

Man is a copy of Nature. His crumbling body yields the fruit of immortality. It is the laboratory in which spirit works, and eliminates the enduring constitution of the soul. The spirit is higher and finer than the soul, permeates it with its power, and evolves order and stability out of its primitive discord and subtle changes. The soul fills the body as the spirit fills the soul. The spirit has a higher unity, without the presence of which the soul would not survive the dissolution of the body. The body is subject to perpetual change, without losing its personality. The soul is not less changeable. Indeed it is due to the mutations of this finer part that the body exhausts and calls for supply. This life is the field of primitive type and progressive struggles. Bodies wear out and dissolve. Souls wear and eliminate the incompatible crudities incapable of entering into the immortal structure, and move on in the higher harmonies as clothing and form of the indwelling spirit. The soul is not electricity or ether, or any other element known to material science, but a compound, dependent for its primitive development upon the mortal body, and immortal principles. The spirit is eternal, but not as a conscious entity. It works upon matter through the mediumship of the soul. Its affinities are deeper, higher, and more indissoluble than those of the soul. The spirit is the medium for the evolution of mind, as soul is the medium for spirit, and the body the medium for the soul. The soul being susceptible to endless change and perpetual improvement, keeps pace with the demands of progress, answering the needs of the spirit, expressing higher uses, richer joys, deeper significance and sublimer powers as advancing ages unroll their sweet beatitudes from the glowing depths of immortality.

## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Efforts are being made to establish an industrial school for children in Chicago. That such an institution is needed, is apparent to every observer. The condition of a large class of boys and girls demands philanthropic work of this kind. The Post says:

We supply asylums for the insane; hospitals for drunkards; almshouses for paupers; jails for criminals. We constantly manufacture the classes who fill these institutions, and, from time to time, we gather in the aged reprobates. We even house our hags. But we permit the boys and girls who will become the reprobates to roam the streets in idleness, dirt and want, until hunger and vicious drive them to theft or kindred depravity. Then we take care of them at public expense.

Is it not time that folly such as this, no less stupid than criminal, should cease? It is true that we have a reform school for boys; but we have not even that little for girls.

A city industrial school has become a necessity of Chicago. The children must be saved from themselves, from the streets, from the jails. The institution should have nothing of a penal character about it. It should be made as respectable and attractive as any public school. Contractors will be glad to furnish work in the doing of which the children will learn a useful trade, and be enabled to earn honestly what they would otherwise steal.

It would be exceedingly unwise to have such an institution attached, as some may promptly suggest, to the House of Correction. There must be no odium about it. A child must be able to go into an industrial school, and come out of it, without acquiring a stigma to mark him afterward with a ticket-of-leave. The industrial school should be protective and reformatory, not punitive. We educate the rich now in the honorable professions. We may surely save the poor from a deeper poverty, from crime, for their sake and our own, from infamy and penal servitude, by awarding them their *pro rata* of the taxes their fathers pay. An industrial school has ten times the claim to public support that a high school has.

For the Present Age.  
TO MY MEDIUM.

Thou journeyed over to that unseen city  
Where the many mansions be,  
Whence angel eyes look down with tender pity  
Upon earth's misery—  
Thy lips are speechless, but thy heart rebel-  
leth  
At many things that be;  
And ah, within me ever, ever dwelleth  
A wish to comfort thee.

I see, as thou canst not, the causes leading  
To much of gloom and sorrow;  
I see as well for bosoms torn and bleeding  
A smiling morrow.

Believe me that in time these griefs will  
perish,  
And life will brighter be;  
The truths I teach thee closely clasp and  
cherish,  
And trust in me.

For I will never, never seek to leave thee;  
My presence oft will be  
Near to soothe when aught shall come to  
grieve thee,  
Then trust in me.

Thou hast a mission, seek not to evade it,  
Be brave thro' every ill—  
The violet blooms though other leaves o'er-  
shade it—  
And I am with thee still.

And when thy task is o'er, thy journey end-  
ing,  
Thy spirit almost free,  
As toward the unknown city thou art tend-  
ing,  
Fear not, I am with thee.

LOUISVILLE, KY. JUNIUS.

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

Our readers by consulting the figures on first page, will learn that the present issue is No. 23 of Vol. VI. Three numbers will close the volume. Three weeks remain to our subscribers in which to obtain subscriptions to Vol. VII. We would like one thousand new subscribers, shall we have them? Friends of the PRESENT AGE, you are competent to answer the question. Since the great fire, we have been unable to put canvassers into the field, and we rely entirely upon our subscribers for aid in efforts to enlarge our field of influence. We thank our kind friends for earnest labor in our behalf in the past, and now ask them to make an extra and united effort. Six months have passed since stricken down by the great calamity, we lost our all. Friends on both sides the silent river have aided, and we have taxed our strength to the utmost, mentally and physically, to make the AGE better than ever before. We are thankful for words of encouragement and appreciation. If our friends will aid us as they should, and we trust will, we promise to make the *seventh* volume better than any of its predecessors. Now, kind reader, please do not lay down your paper with the thought that this is intended for your neighbor. We mean YOU, and to you we personally appeal.

## A NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK.

## THE BIBLE OF THE AGES.

We are informed by the author, (G. B. Stebbins,) that the new "Chapter from the Bible of the Ages," will appear immediately at \$2.00 a copy. We cannot add to the introductory preface anything which will add to its force or comprehensiveness, and so publish it entire as the best means of calling attention to the forthcoming volume. The book can be ordered of the publisher of the PRESENT AGE, postage 20cts. In the introductory preface the author says:

The title of this book bespeaks its aim and scope. For years I have felt the need and importance of such a work, and have waited for able hands to undertake it on a larger scale; but the people want, and should not wait. After no small labor and care in research and selection, I send this out to meet in some degree a pressing popular want, and to help, as an incentive, to the more comprehensive work which a fit company of ripe and large-hearted scholars should unite to prepare. Our Bible, as read in the Churches and in our homes, is but the record of Hebrew thought and life, and is mythic in part fragmentary and imperfect, yet to be accepted as true and miraculously infallible, whether Reason, Conscience and Intuition consent or not, according to a strange theory of theology that God made these supernatural revelations only to this people for a certain time and then ceased.

The Bible of the Ages is the deepest thought, the highest inspiration, the clearest spiritual light and life of the whole human race, constantly being lived and written, and to be read with free and open mind, and the hopeful thought that richer chapters are yet to come, for us and for those who may live after us; since truth and inspiration are the heritage of humanity, correlated, evolved, and developed into higher harmony and perfectness by spiritual laws, which are the Divine Intent, or "the will of God."

Keeping in mind our need of the experiences and aspirations, not only of the He-

brews, but of all humanity, my effort has been to select some of the best thoughts from different races and ages. Full statements of systems of religion or philosophy cannot be given in these narrow limits, yet much of their vital and essential elements will be found, gathered from "Sacred Books," from old philosophers, and from later teachers and seers and reformers. Of course but few are chosen from many equally valuable utterances, and whole nations are offered to us, passed by, yet enough is offered to show the narrowness and absurdity of our traditional and theological education, that only one book, called the Bible is divinely inspired, and must therefore be the master of the soul. This education is losing its power, and we want a broader outlook.

"To seek for Truth, wherever found,  
On Christian, or on Heathen ground."

These rich Chapters are gathered from this broader field, and will show that truth is not partial or limited, but fluent, penetrative and universal, growing from within, with the growth of humanity.

While the selections from ancient writings are of signal value and interest, the sweet and noble utterances and aspirations of later days, the great seasons of science, and the teachings, in our own time and country, on vital questions and opinions which we must meet and use wisely for our better future, justly claim a good share of space. These later teachings will show that, if there has been an "eclipse of faith" in creeds and dogmas, there is an increase of rational knowledge, of intuition, and of spiritual power and freedom making true the words of the poet:

"For I doubt not, through the Ages  
One increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened,  
With the process of the suns."

GILES B. STEBBINS.

## Editorial Notes.

"TOO MUCH FOR ME." One of our subscribers from Burlington, Mich., writes April 18, as follows:

EDITOR PRESENT AGE—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find one dollar for the AGE. I wish you success for the truths you advocate but cannot conscientiously act as agent. Your "Little Philosophers" are too much for me. I wish the paper stopped.

Yours for the truth,

HARRIET BENDER.

This is fair at least in one respect; the sending of \$1 toward paying arrearsages. Sometimes when subscribers get "too much for me," they petulently order the paper stopped, and neglect to pay, forgetting that publishers may continue to send their paper and collect pay therefor until all arrearsages are paid. Our sister subscribes herself, "Yours for truth." Well, that manifests a commendable state of mind, but she should remember that truth can only be obtained by earnest inquiry and discussion. Why not point out to the "Little Philosophers" their error? If they come to wrong conclusions with reference to the formation of the earth and those who inhabit it, why not tell them wherein they are wrong? Perhaps our correspondent, who thus summarily disposes of the ideas advanced by the "Little Philosophers" proposes to send her children to the Sunday School, where they may be taught that God in six days time out of nothing "created this world and all that dwell therein;" that He caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, Adam, and took from his side a rib, and from it made a woman. A thousand other equally ridiculous dogmas of the church, having origin in the dark ages before the light of science had shed its light on our world, are not "too much" for our truth-seeking sister. Notwithstanding the loss of an occasional subscriber, because of our advocacy of unpopular reforms, we hope to secure others who will by subscribing encourage us and the "Little Philosophers" in our search after truth.

"Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven,  
They fade, they fly—but truth survives the light."

We hear indirectly that the next Quarterly Meeting of "Lenawee County Circle," Mich., is to be held in Deerfield Saturday and Sunday, May 18th and 19th, and that Miss Nettie M. Pease is engaged as one of the speakers for the occasion. It will also be seen by notice in another column that "Eaton County Circle," Mich., meets at Eaton Rapids the same date. Our friends in Michigan mean to keep the ball rolling. At each of these meetings some of our patrons will represent the PRESENT AGE. Please remember that every subscriber is an agent, and we know that we have very few who do not esteem it a privilege to extend our circulation. As we have no traveling agents or canvassers, we shall cherish the hope that every reader will become sufficiently interested to work for us, and the cause we advocate.

30 cents per due.

PROGRESS IN NEW YORK. We rejoice to record the fact that the National Academy of Design opens its Exhibition of paintings to the public Sunday. This is a wise step in the right direction. Art is a beautiful evangel of the gospel of Truth and her ministrations reach the souls of many who are utterly indifferent to the ordinary ministrations of the pulpit.

The question of opening the public libraries and reading rooms on Sundays, has also received a new impetus, and is being discussed with vigor that augurs success. Peter Cooper has been petitioned to open the reading rooms of Cooper Institute, and the issue will be decided undoubtedly by Henry Ward Beecher, who is to lecture soon upon it in the large hall of the Institute.

But little doubt is felt as to the result, and the opening of this reading room will be followed by the opening of the Mercantile Library rooms and thus a grand step will have been taken toward liberating man from that slavish subservience to a day against which Jesus of Nazareth aimed a powerful blow by word and example.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

At the annual meeting of the Toledo Lyceum the following officers were elected: Presidents, Dr. Armstrong, George Carey; Treasurer, C. B. Eels; Secretary, Ella Breed; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Carey; Conductor, W. G. Smith; Guardian, Mrs. Smithers; Musical Director, Mr. Whitten; Librarian, Mr. Wilkinson; Guards, Messrs. Engelhardt, Barnes, Hinman, Norton, Eels. We are pleased to learn that Calvin Bronson presented the Guardian and each of the lady leaders with a beautiful writing desk.

W. F. JAMIESON, our corresponding editor is speaking in Louisville, Ky. during the present month, and we hope our subscribers there will cooperate with him in extending the circulation of the PRESENT AGE. Subscribers by paying their annual subscription to him, will save the risk of loss by remitting through the mail.

## Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMIESON.

## ITINERATING.

A week in Chicago. Had settled myself for a respite from lecturing, but a telegraphic call from E. L. Warner of Paw Paw, Mich., to canvass Van Buren county for three weeks, disturbed my repose. Two weeks have drifted by and I have given four lectures at Breville, two at Hartford, four at Keeler, two at Lawton, two at Paw Paw, making fourteen lectures in fifteen days. Now Louisville, Ky., calls me, and Brother Warner, at my request, extends from attending the Hartford meeting I received \$10 from Breville, and \$50 pledged for a regular itinerant. Breville will swell the amount to not less than \$100 a year for speaking in the county.

Hartford Brother Conklin kindly gave use of the Church, a large share of the he owns. Keeler pledged \$10 for a year. Lawton will do its share. Received in collections at Lawton \$6.25. Paw Paw is canvassing the itinerant question; here I received \$12. There is one drawback among Spiritualists in regard to sending the "gospel" to new localities. They feel but little public spirit in paying for "other folk's preaching." If the towns, not only in Van Buren county, but the majority of counties would unite in keeping an itinerant constantly engaged, it would not become so easy for the orthodox to build churches, nor so difficult for Spiritualism to take root.

Last Saturday evening, while in Paw Paw, I received a line from Brother Napoleon B. McKinney, of Lawton, that I was going to be sacrificed that night without being present. I had, when there, given liberty to criticize my utterances. No one spoke. I took the eleven o'clock A. M. train for Paw Paw. The following explains itself:

"LAWTON, Mich., April 27th, 1872.

"W. F. JAMIESON:  
"Enclosed I send you bill issued when you left here. You see what advantage they will take. Wish you could come up and hear him."

"Respectfully, N. B. McKINNEY.  
I had an appointment at Paw Paw. Just as well, the game was too small."

This evening, Monday, April 29th, I will reply in the same Presbyterian chapel. Subject: "The Bible is in favor of Spiritualism." It is no compliment to Spiritualism for the same book teaches that murder, theft, polygamy and slavery are right. But it is the orthodox chief witness, so I must use it. The Methodist minister of the place, Rev. Mr. Hall, fired away at me while he was safe behind his pulpit yesterday morning. Valiant minister! It affords me pleasure to stir up the "holy" wrath of the



**The Present Age.**  
A Weekly Journal.  
Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms, Poetical Literature and General Intelligence.

**An Independent Critic on all Popular Movements.**

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**Woman's Department,**  
**MISS NETTIE M. PEASE,** **EDITOR.**

**The Home Circle,**  
**ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE,** **EDITOR.**

**W. F. JAMIESON,** Corresponding Editor.

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Remittances for subscriptions or renewals, addressed to either of the associate editors will receive prompt attention. We prefer to have all communications in the east addressed to the New York office. E. S. Wheeler will act as General Traveling Agent, and will appoint Local Agents at all desirable points.

To every new annual subscriber, and to every old subscriber who renews for one year, we will send *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. Read the following:

We have made arrangements with Col. D. M. Fox to send our Weekly Journal to all new annual subscribers to the *PRESENT AGE*, and all present subscribers who shall hereafter renew their subscriptions for one year. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.

In all cases, subscribers, in remitting pay ment for the *PRESENT AGE*, will state whether they desire *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. If not specially ordered, it will not be sent.

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and	THE PRESENT AGE.....	3.00	
	WOODBULL & CLAFFE'S WEEKLY.....	2.00	
and	WESTERN RURAL.....	2.00	
	YOUNG FOLK'S RURAL.....	1.00	8.00
	We send all of above for.....		5.00
Sag-	Saved if ordered of us.....		2.80

The *Young Folks' Rural* is a large and beautiful newspaper for young people and children, started last year by H. P. N. Lewis, Editor of the *Western Rural*, at Chicago. It is needed in every family.

We trust these liberal offers will induce our friends to canvass their respective neighborhoods for us.

To the several departments of the *PRESENT AGE* we invite the attention of all who have faith in humanity and who believe in the progress of religious ideas, and we earnestly solicit the aid of all such to sustain our journal. Specimen copies sent free to all who apply.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are pleased to welcome once more in its full size, our contemporary, the *PRESENT AGE*, with such fine Chicago editorial talent as an extra-ordinarily increasing its borders into No. 1 of Vol. VI. lies on our table looking as if it meant work in

field where there is so much requirement for activity. It is published at 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago, at the office of Dr. W. D. Foulke, Editor. Dr. M. Fox, with Dr. F. H. Willis and E. S. Wheeler as Associates, and W. F. Jamieson Corresponding Editor, with determination continue the struggle which has been going on in the religious world. In his salutatory address the editor says he shall endeavor to make the *Aur* "A faithful reporter of the facts of Spiritualism and an exponent of its science and progress, as well as of the nature, the rights and the duties of the human nature, and the morality of practical sense and humanity."

\* \* \* "Not denying the use of any publication, nor the excellence of some, there is yet left a portion of the field as yet unoccupied. The *Aur* is not a competitor of any of the Spiritualists of the time can be induced to second our efforts. The Conceding liberty to others, we shall preserve and exercise it ourselves, and at once frankly repudiate all claims to monopoly of the truth, or truth as retained at the cost of freedom of speech."

\* \* \* Aspiring to preserve the good and develop the better, we ask the help in every way of all true hearts and clear heads, in our effort to establish the supremacy of the *Best* Banner of Light.

The Chicago *Present* Age has disappeared from the shores of Chicago, and appears to the Spiritualists of the city with a new and improved form. It is represented, for sympathy and aid, Col. Fox, its editor, seems all undaunted by the reverses he has experienced, and expresses his intention to battle with the "evil forces" of the "evil world" nothing less, but this unwavering zeal to recommend it, it should receive every encouragement, but it has more, but

ing in every respect worthy of the confidence and regard of the public. We wish the *Age* from the present time all access to *Not Here Commercial*.

THE PRESENT AGE.

This excellent journal, published in the city of Chicago, has bravely stood the test of fire, miraculously remaining its original dimensions, notwithstanding the entire loss of office, material, presses and all.

The *AGE* is devoted to the advancement of spiritual philosophy, literature, science, general intelligence and social reform as enunciated by some of the deepest thinkers and best reasoners among the cultivated intelligentsia.

The editorial staff is composed of Col. D. M. Fox, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, E. S. Wheeler and W. F. Jamieson. Mr. Wheeler, one of the editors, is now in Europe, and his responsibility rests elsewhere, as a gentleman of the highest stamp. He has shown himself, both in social circle and in the lecture room, a gentleman of high intellectual caste; and his views are recognized by a confident and discerning public. He is a fitting representative of a journal advocating none but the purest and most unexceptionable morality. The *PRESENT AGE* is not a mere religious or literary journal, but a clear, disinterested, philosophy and spiritualized thought, and an earnest and able advocate of true religion, and political and social reform.

For business communications, the *AGE*, address Col. D. M. Fox, 564 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. *Monthly Post-Extra Bulletin*.

THE *PRESENT AGE* deals with the living social and religious questions of the time and is also edited.—*Daily Times* (Council Bluffs).

THE *PRESENT AGE*, Chicago, is a bright, smart, critical, "spiritualistic" magazine. It should really have a liberal religious endorsement.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a year. Weekly.—*The Independent* (N. H.) Monthly.

THE *PRESENT AGE* is a large weekly paper independent of all local restrictions of a religious, moral, religious and political.—*St. Joseph* (Mo.) *Morning Herald*.

THE *PRESENT AGE* is a spiritual paper, advocating religious, political, and social reforms.—*The Daily News* (Chicago), a year. Weekly.—*The Daily News* (Chicago) stands high in the estimation of the public, and is a journal of the highest quality.



## Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the Government cannot be denied, and the Government will be made purer and better for her participation. —*Senator Trumbull, of Ill.*

## GOD'S SUNSHINE COMES AT LAST.

Through the mystic maze labyrinth  
Of this ever changing life,  
Come the shadows and the sunshine,  
Come the tumult and the strife;  
But though darkness hover o'er us,  
And the storms come thick and fast,  
Let us never faint or falter,  
For God's Sunshine comes at last.

Though the cherished forms and faces,  
That have blessed our pathway here,  
One by one are passing onward,  
Leaving us so lone and dear,  
Let us think of all the blessings  
They have brought us in the past;  
And with hope await the future,  
For God's Sunshine comes at last.

Hearts grow stronger in the furnace  
Of afflictions cleansing fire,  
And through discipline of sorrow,  
Are prepared to live the higher;  
Bearing cheerfully the burdens,  
Knowing that but briefly last,  
And above the darkest storm cloud,  
Shall God's Sunshine come at last.

We must never hope to travel  
Through the shifting scenes of life,  
With no trials sore to grieve us,  
Free from discord, free from strife;  
But instead, to give them welcome,  
As the teachers of the past,  
Knowing if we learn their lessons,  
That God's Sunshine comes at last.

MRS. NETTIE M. PEASE.

## BIBLE AND CHURCH VS. WOMEN.

It is a fact too well known to be questioned that the church has opposed, in its incipient stages, every reformatory movement. This was true of the temperance reform, and as a movement outside of the church it is yet opposed by the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and a majority of the Protestant sects. In fact the church as a body has never engaged heartily in the temperance work. The anti-slavery movement was no exception to this general rule; and to the influence of the church we may attribute the perpetuation of the system of slavery in this country, for a period of at least a quarter of a century. The Bible was construed by church divines to favor it, until the outside world compelled a different interpretation. Woman is now trying to emancipate herself from what man has supposed to be his legitimate authority over her, and the church, true to itself, armed with the Bible, is the great obstacle to her success. But for the opposition of the church, woman would within twelve months, secure an acknowledgment of her rights. One of the strongest arguments urged by opponents against her demands is that the majority of women do not ask the privilege of the franchise. We admit the fact, but by no means the legitimacy of the conclusion that therefore women ought not to vote. Suppose a majority of men had no desire to exercise this dearest right of a freeman; should the moiety who do wish to participate in the formation of the laws and institutions by which they are to be governed, be deprived of the privilege? The fact that a majority of women do not ask for the protective power of the ballot, is easily accounted for, and is an argument in proof of our assertion that the church is the great obstacle to her success. It is admitted that three-fourths of the number who attend our places of religious worship are women; over these the clergy exercise their most potent power. Women are less inclined than men to break away from church authority, and to change preconceived opinions. Hence impressed with the religious idea that she was created subordinate to man, and having before her the history of the church upon this subject, she devotionally yields saying, "Not my will, but thine be done."

We have been awakened to new thought in this direction by the news flashed to us from the east by telegraph yesterday, as follows:

The Brooklyn Presbytery adopted, with but few dissenting votes, a memorial to the General Assembly of the Church, asking the adoption of a rule forbidding the preaching or praying of women "in the public and promiscuous meetings of the Church of Christ." The main reason assigned for such action, is that there are no instances recorded in the Bible of women

serving as 'Apostles, Presbyters, Evangelists, pastors, or teachers.

The action of the church in the case of Mr. Cuyler, who invited to his pulpit the celebrated Quaker preacher, Miss Smiley, is fresh in the minds of our readers. We hoped that Mr. Cuyler would stand up nobly in vindication of his cause, but alas! opposing church influences were too powerful to withstand, and half apologetically he retired from the field. Above we have the doings of the ecclesiastical body of which he is a member. While regretting the action, we cannot well see how the church can do otherwise, clinging as it does to the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible, and its adaptation to the wants of mankind for all time.

In reviewing this matter we speak of the action of the church as a body, and judge of its Bible interpretation by the utterances of its standard writers, to which, however, there are noble exceptions in its individual membership. By and by when the Rubicon of the unpopularity of the movement is passed, the whole body will testify that they have always been in favor of it, and further, that the Bible when "rightly" understood, favors woman's equality; the rightfulness being always gauged by the popular pulse. Nineteen hundred years ago, there may have been, from the customs of the age, and the enforced ignorance of women, good reason for her exclusion from the position of teacher; but now that her right to equal educational privileges is admitted by the majority of the people, and having proved her capacity to excel in the learned professions, not excepting the ministry, this retrospect of the 'dark ages' by the Brooklyn Presbytery can only be regarded as a puny effort to stay the tide setting in a direction, dreaded perhaps by the old foggy gentlemen, holding very easy and lucrative positions from which they may be swept by the incoming flood. All the causes which were urged against the preaching and praying of women two thousand years since, have but little weight to-day.

## NOTES.

A WASHINGTON paper says: "Mrs. Lavinia Dunder, is the new star in the firmament of woman's rights. She leads the Baltimore wing of the advancing sisterhood."

We take exception to the word "new" in the above paragraph, as it would imply that this lady is an eleventh hour worker, which is not the case, since she has been active in the cause for several years past, and in 1867 effected the organization of an association in Baltimore in the interest of woman suffrage, under the title of "Maryland Equal Rights Society." For energy, perseverance, and unselfish devotion to the cause of her sex, and indeed to every movement in behalf of the ennoblement of humanity, she is not surpassed even by the indefatigable worker, Susan B. Anthony.

Mrs. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, the woman lawyer of Washington, has been admitted to practice in that city, the Supreme Court of the District having amended its rules concerning the admission of attorneys, by striking out the word "male."

A MILLINER PRINCESS IN LONDON.—London papers contain the announcement of the Princess Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte, who has opened a millinery shop in Bond street. The reason for taking this step is very frankly avowed by the Princess Pierre Bonaparte, which is simply to gain the means of which the revolution has suddenly deprived her, and to enable her to educate her three children, who are described as "remarkably beautiful and full of promise."

All honor to this princess, who is indeed a princess of nature's making, ruling adversity regally; in whom the empty honors of an inherited name could not destroy the innate nobility of an energetic, independent woman.

PERHAPS the silliest thing a young man can say is, "I have resolved never to marry." Even though the resolve were ever so proper, it is one with which others have no probable or obvious concern, and proclaiming it is a virtual intimation that you are so attractive to the other sex that you are obliged to ward them off from a hopeless quest—a starward aspiration—whereby their peace is likely to suffer shipwreck.—*Horace Greeley.*

## MAN AND WOMAN.

The greater number among us of the better sex proves them not designed for mere pieces of an earthly whole. There are not men enough to go round, and plenty of women who would not go round with the men they meet. Polygamy is a misnomer; it is not marriage. So, related to man though women be, she is an independent creature. But beware of adding to our civil sexual war. Let not women advocate emancipation as if they alone were wronged! There are men not in the conscious exercise of tyranny. It is possible, on the other side, that Heaven may be henpecked, and the domestic roof harbor as many queens as kings. Is man unjust to woman, or woman to man? Neither sex can be just to itself, nor each to the other. Women cannot appreciate women as men do; and the woman that depreciates man leaves him to what inadequate self-estimate! O men and women, let us no longer blow our own praises! But lately we learned that bad habit. Shift the trumpet into each other's mouth! Doubtless woman has much to complain of in her lot, in the ill subjection that title implies. But the honorable amendment is at hand. Like every advance, it comes in the fulness of time. Is any one in particular to blame because Christianity, abolition of slavery, the republic, free religion, did not sooner arrive; or has God a season for these things as for fruits of the year? A worried man, being asked his occupation, said he kept a hot-house. But only a softer climate ensting or displaced social barbarism can ripen this reform. Why quarrel with the past? Had not the axe and sword, which brawny arms must wield, a needful task? Can we get so far back as to style the knotted muscles a monstrous growth? Will mutual madness be progress? Woodsman and farmer go into no rage over the forest and the bog. What have we to do with the chaparral of twisted prejudice or the morass of selfish sloth but to think and work and shine it away? Let our heat not be hate; but, like the fire the husbandman makes his clearing with, used as temperately and wisely as the stream to invigorate his land, or the seeds he sows. Woman thus far has not been a cipher counting only with man's unit. She has been influence—he power; now she asks to be power or person to communicate will and soul through her individuality; and, as man resigns power to be influential with her, the two will approach and blend, like the nerves of either hemisphere of the brain, which pass down the opposite side and unify with crossing harmonies the mortal frame.—*C. A. Bartol, D. D.*

## A WOMAN'S VOICE TO WOMEN.

The Dress Question—Down in the Dirt Again.

St. Peter quotes a very plain-spoken old proverb to illustrate spiritual backsliding—about getting into the mire again; which, if it were better suited to ears and ways polite, might not inaptly be taken at this moment as a text for the remonstrance I would fain make with all my might against the threatened backsliding, or back-trailing, of fashion in the matter of street dress.

Why in the name of all that is sensible, decent, not to say pure and lovely and of good report, must the days of drabble be brought back again? Just as we had escaped into sweetness and lightness and comfort—into the very best walking style that I—a woman of forty odd—can remember, what power of malice is it that lays hold of us, no less volens, and forces us back? What power ought to be able to do this with any respectable, conscientious human being that wears petticoats? I do lift up my voice and say—O women! dear women,—above all, of place and influence,—resist this evil and save us all! For, do you know how deep it goes in more than a literal sense? It is not the inches of silk or velvet you choose to spoil and replace. It takes hard hold when the inches are not of silk or velvet, and cannot easily be made good. You draw after you a whole community of women, who must have what they see you have, and for whom it is very hard to be obliged to choose between ugliness and awkwardness—for an utterly passed fashion does grow ugly and awkward—and an immoral extravagance.

It goes deeper than this even. You cannot touch filth, even outwardly, and be inwardly undefiled. A woman's sense of purity is less delicate for getting used to endure contamination by so much as gathering it on the hem of her garment. You shrink away from any intimate personal contact with what is low and coarse; you do not like to be jostled over so little in a promiscuous crowd; but you will let your robes trail unconcernedly in all that is horrible, most unmentionable, in the places that the crowd and the coarsest traverse just before. This is true in the cleanest thoroughfares; how much more in many streets

where other women must live and pass! You may let your missions alone if in these outer signs you make no improvements, which have in all things, their inevitable spiritual correspondence. You will send down through all classes a tainting and demoralizing example.

To put it on the lowest ground: If you would have a fashion truly elegant—if you would not have it said to-morrow, as it will be, "Every servant caricatures it,"—keep it to yourselves by keeping it in your drawing rooms, where it belongs. Keep it for your own comfort out of your kitchens. Street dress rules working dress. Working women and domestic assistants, to say nothing of the large middle class of caretaking, house-ruled heads of families, have now a form of dress induced by general use, which is at once pretty, neat, comfortable and economical. Don't take it away from them! Do you wish to see again the soiled calico trails that a few years ago were dragged from the cellar ashes, the slop of the wash-tub and through the dust of sweeping day over nice carpets, against tinted wainscots, and swished about amongst dainty furniture?

Think of all this in the beginning before all your spring suits are made; think of it in your own interest on your own responsibility, and in the light of your most delicate and refined perception; and even if they are made, cut them off—a Lenten sacrifice—like the offending hand or foot, rather than defile yourselves and contaminate your neighbor.

## Woman's Memoranda.

NEW JERSEY has now, what she has so long needed, a reform school for girls.

FEMALE students are admitted to the classes of the Topeka Medical College.

GAIL HAMILTON has been engaged as one of the editors of *Wood's Household Magazine*, at a salary of \$3,000 a year.

ROSA BONHEUR is still painting in her peculiar school of horses, cattle, etc., lately finishing a portrait of King William's war horse.

When the Boston schools were re-organized in 1790, girls were only admitted in the summer months, when there were not boys enough to fill the departments.

WOMEN, under the name of "assistant pastors," do pastoral and missionary work for several of the St. Louis churches, and receive compensation therefor.

Mrs. E. K. CHURCHILL of Providence is a candidate for the clerkship in the next house of representatives in Rhode Island.

THE sum of \$51,000 was raised the past year by the Woman's Missionary Society connected with Congregational churches, and \$37,000 by women of the Methodist church.

At the adjourned town meeting in North Brookfield, the two vacancies in the school board were filled by the election of Mrs. F. A. Smith and Miss Emily Edson.

A Mrs. Wise has succeeded in having her name inscribed on the list of legal voters at St. Joseph, Mo., without any attempt at opposition or remonstrance on the part of the registrars.

Forty thousand women of Alsace, Lorraine, have addressed a petition to Prince Bismarck, in which they ask that their fathers and sons be exempted from service in the German army for a few years.

MISS SALLIE HART, the little California lady who achieved such notable success in influencing the views of the legislators on the subject of reducing the pay of women teachers, will enter the field as a lecturer on "The Woman Question."

Mrs. JANE S. GRIFFIN's lecture, at the Cooper Institute recently, was well and fashionably attended. "The Sufferings of Workingwomen, Their Wants and Wrongs," were intelligently, and with much rhetorical skill discussed and portrayed. The rendition of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was, as it deserved, greatly admired, and served to confirm previous impressions of Mrs. Griffin's superior talent as an eloquentist.

DEATH OF MISS ANN PRESTON, M. D.—Miss Ann Preston, Philadelphia, died on the 19th instant in that city. She was one of the most prominent of her sex in the medical profession. She was born in 1814 at West Grove, Pa., of a Quaker family. She was one of the first applicants for admission to the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, graduated, practiced with success, and was afterwards elected to the chair of physiology and hygiene in that institution, which, as well as the position of "dean" she held to the time of her death. When the Woman's Hospital was incorporated and attached to the college, Miss Preston was constituted one of the managers.

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"The following story, founded on facts, treats of an subject of deep interest, and which at the present time are attracting the attention of scientists. As the sources from which it emanated, we can only say that the author, owing to a peculiar physical and mental condition possesses the faculty of abstracting herself from the outer world and while in that condition, was controlled by a power claimed to be the spirit of a person who once lived on earth, who gave his life history, which he entitled, 'A Search for the Temple of Happiness.' At the close of the record, he promised to give another communication, to be entitled, 'The Golden Key, or Mysteries beyond the Veil.' In the month of June 1870, he again took control, and gave the following story. The amanuensis has given, as near as possible, the precise language of the dictateur. At times, in writing parts of the narrative, the utterances have been so rapid that the exact words may have been lost, but the ideas have never been changed. Nearly every chapter is freighted with gems from the stores of spirit life, and contains instances of the phenomena and much of the philosophy of modern Spiritualism."

Whitell & Chapin's Weekly

"THE GOLDEN KEY, OR MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL," is the name of a handsome and substantial volume from the press of the PRESENT AGE Publishing Company, of Chicago. The author, as we speak, is Miss Nettie M. Pease, well known as a lecturer on Spiritualism, and the favorite Correspondent of the PRESENT AGE. She was under spirit control while the record which this book contains was made, and it was the spirit of a person who once lived on earth. It has been reproduced month of June, in last year. It has been reproduced as nearly as possible, in the language of the amanuensis. It is a story whose evolution is accompanied with a striking and deeply interesting development of character, fresh and pure incidents, and a series of colloquial discussions of spiritual topics, that will attract and hold the attention of readers everywhere. The moral of the tale is not recovered for the lost but is woven in with the web, and forms the living beauty and point of the fiction, yet not without beauty, for it depicts experiences to which all human souls are subject, and does it with a naturalness and truth which can cause hope to endure. We can truthfully commend THE GOLDEN KEY to the perusal of all Spiritualist readers, promising them profit and pleasure in its glowing pages. To the story, Miss Pease has appended five of her own characteristic poems.—*Bureau of Light.*



The Home Circle.

EDITION CRIDGE. EDITOR.

LITTLE NART'S WISH.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

Howe. "Ray tried egg experiments, and now my little toddler has been trying a butter experiment. She wanted to see if butter would not dress the hair just as well as bear's grease, pomatum or hair oil."

Mrs. Howe went kindly to her butter baby who looked rather like crying.

"Never mind, never mind, my little Two Shoes shall have a warm bath," and off went apron, shoes and stockings, while the round tin bath tub was brought into the warm kitchen; and in half an hour the little philosopher, Christie, was in the sitting room laughing gaily over the butter experiment, and prancing round in her little ankle slippers, and white socks, and dainty dress, as if really enjoying her freedom from the butter dress in which she had enveloped herself. Very early had Christie commenced to philosophize and make experiments, and I don't wonder that Dr. Howe laughingly remarked, that "Two Shoes could never become an orthodox Christian, or believe the story of creation, bottomless pit, and other old wives' fables." She was evidently disposed to look into the causes of things, was of an inquiring mind, and disposed to test and try all matters and things, else she never would have gone to the churning, taken off the cover, and gone so heartily and earnestly to work on her butter experiment.

And now I must tell you of an experiment Ray and Dorie had been trying for several evenings, and what a fine time they had on this very evening of 'Two Shoes' exploits.

A large heavy table, with two leaves, was brought into the sitting room by Frank and Vicie, and then Dorie and Ray put their hands on it. All was very still. I believe you could have heard a pin drop.

"We are philosophers, are we not?" said Ray to his father.

"So you are, and you are studying a new philosophy. Some people are very much afraid of that long word, philosophy, but it is all nonsense; whenever you reason, look for a cause, and then try to find the effect of the cause; you are philosophizing, and every boy and girl can do this. You and Dorie are trying to find out what moves the table, and so you are studying a philosophy."

"Now it moves," exclaimed Ray, as the table moved to and fro, "Is this a spirit?"

Then the table moved once, and there came one loud rap in the middle of the table.

"Rap three times, please," was Dorie's request, and then came three such loud raps that every one was startled.

"That is a spirit for certain. You see it understood what Dorie said. Is there a devil with a cloven foot, donkey ears and a long tail?" asked Ray.

A terrible loud rap came in answer to that, and then the table went tripping to and fro as if dancing a jig.

"Good! good!" laughed Ray.

Ben now rose from his seat and went near the table.

"Did Jonah swallow the whale?" One rap.

"Or," said the Dr. "did the whale swallow Jonah?"

Rap, rap, rap, and moving of the table.

"It just seems as if the table laughed," exclaimed Ray. "If I get on the table will you rock me?"

One rap.

"That means yes, so I am going to get on," and Ray brought a chair to the table, climbed up and laid down. Dorie alone had her hands on the table. But it began to rock to and fro, to and fro, gently, just as a mother might rock her baby in the cradle.

"Oh! that is nice, father, mother! that proves there is something here that can hear what we say, and that has strength too, else I would not be rocked so nicely. Rock-a-by-baby, rock-a-by-baby."

Several minutes this was continued and then Ray with a funny twinkle in his eye said, "will you rock my mother if she gets on the table?"

No answer.

"Will you try, please?"

One rap.

"That means yes. Come mother on you if you have a bit."

"She is a philosopher," said Dr.

her mother Daisy, and often Dorie declared she looked just like a daisy though that was not her name. "Come you must lie on the table!" In a very short time mother Daisy was laid down on the table to the delight of the children.

"I know they will love to rock you, for you are so pretty and good," and Dorie fingered her mother's curls lovingly.

Ray sat down and only the tips of Dorie's fingers were touching the table; presently it began to move slowly, then went a trifle faster, to and fro.

"Throw mother off, please," said wicked little Ray, who wanted to see some fun. "Please throw her off; will you try?"

No answer.

But quicker, quicker went the table-cradle, and at last very gently over it went to the floor, letting mother Daisy down very gently indeed.

Now this is not a made up story, but all the circumstances given above are facts, and our young readers may feel quite certain that whatever may be told of experiments in Dr. Howe's family will be true in every particular.

Dr. Howe and his wife Daisy had been interested in Spiritualism some years, but they had never seen any Spiritual manifestations until they had commenced to experiment in their own family; and that is the right way to find out if there is any truth in Spiritualism,—not to sit with strangers, or get a crowd together, but quietly by one's self, or with one's brothers and sisters, father and mother, carefully and cautiously study the subject.

Dr. Howe never admitted a stranger, said but little to any one about what they were doing, and carefully asked question after question, until he was quite satisfied that though he could not see the power that rapped and moved the table, there was an individual mind present.

"I believe in Spiritualism," said Ben decidedly, for he was a very decided fellow, though not quite twelve years of age. He was never in a hurry to come to a conclusion, and was the most persevering fellow I ever knew. How he had read the Bible from beginning to end! day after day, like the most zealous of Methodist preachers he read and studied the Bible; he took it to bed with him, slept with it under his pillow, laid it on his lap, or at the side of his plate when he ate his meals, and his thoughts were full of the Bible, and Bible teachings, and yet the little rascal did not believe it; and finally declared that he thought it very stupid indeed.

Now what do you think of Ben? I hope you think well of him for he was only hunting for truth, and I am sure he had taken the very best way to find it. Ben was not always digging in books. No! he was a real jolly fellow, full of fun and frolic; he could saw and split wood, and with his set of carpenter's tools he many a time turned out very useful articles. He had made a set of shelves for his bed room, had done all the work himself, cut and planed the boards, painted and varnished them, hung them together with green cord, and very pretty they looked, I assure you, when his books were arranged on them. Ben was an active, thorough, diligent, earnest fellow, and I like him hugely, and believe my readers do.

When Ben said so decidedly, "I believe in Spiritualism," Ray, another decided fellow, but as you know with a big bump of self esteem, slipped his hand into Ben's and said with a shake of his head, "I believe in a spirit too, I do, 'cause I know something turned mother Daisy on the floor. I didn't and Dorie didn't, we couldn't."

"But," said Dorie, "why is it that we cannot see the spirit?"

"You cannot see mind, or electricity, or the force that attracts the needle to the magnet," said Mrs. Howe.

"That is so," exclaimed Ray. "My magnet makes needles and pins jump to it; and will take up mother's scissors and penknife, but we can't see what does it."

"And so," said wise thoughtful Ben, "the something of which a spirit is made is so fine we cannot see it, and yet it is as intelligent as we are; for every question we asked to-night was understood and answered. Oh, I am so glad that we will all live after our bodies are dead."

"So am I," said thoughtful Dorie. "I am glad," said Ben, "because I want to study and know everything, and we will have plenty of time then."

"And there is no devil and no hell," Ray said this with a toss or two of exultation.

"Yes," said Vicie, "and our spirits tell us to believe nothing because somebody, or some spirit tells us it is so, but that we are to use our reason about everything."

"And the spirits are very sensible folks," said Dr. Howe, "though Catholics, and some other religious Bible folks, tell us that all Spiritual manifestations are from the devil."

"Then the devil has become good," said Ben, "and wise too, for spirits never tell people to do wrong, but always tell us to be good and kind, and do good to everybody." Then Ben laughed as he added, "I believe I could argue with a preacher now and beat him; don't you think I could, mother?"

"Truth can always beat error, my boy."

"I'll post myself," said Ben, "and you will see how I will fight that old Bible when I am a man. I will prove from the Bible itself that it is not true. I will make a business of lecturing on the Bible and arguing."

Then a laugh went round as his father asked him playfully:

"What has become of Alaska, and the elephant's tusks you were going to bring away by ship loads; and what of the gorillas you were going to hunt in Africa?"

"Oh! I will do all that after I have lectured and got everybody to believe the truth."

As Ben made this reply he felt that the Alaska business, the elephants tusks business, and gorilla business were not as attractive just then as preaching the truth; and it is very evident that Ben will become a preacher, not of the Bible, or Methodism, or any other ism, but a preacher of truth. However, he may discover something else he is going to do, for young folks have many dreams of what they are going to do when they are men and women. Ray says he is going to keep a candy store, and then he can eat all the candy he wants; and Dorie declares she will go into the balloon business, and carry people to any place they want to go for one dollar each.

And what is little Two Shoes going to be? Had you asked her an hour or two ago she would have told you, if she could, that she considered the butter business better than any other in the wide wide world.

In an Episcopal Sunday school, the other day, the teacher asked a bright boy: "Jimmie, what good thing, what great pleasure are you willing to give up as a sacrifice during the Lenten season?" Jimmie meditated about ten seconds and responded: "I think I'll give up going to Sunday School."

A doctor and a military officer became enamored with the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to tell, as they were both such killing creatures."

As Alabama paper publishes the following notice: "Married, at Flimstone, by the Rev. Mr. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Sandstone and Miss Wilhelmina Whetstone, both of Limestone." Look out for brimstone.

A little shaver was told by his mother the other evening at the table, that he could not have any meat, as it was not good for him, when he somewhat astonished her by quoting a verse from a Sunday school lesson, that "man could not live by bread alone," and added, "now, ma, I don't think little boys can either." The juvenile had the best of that argument.

A Yankee in Texas, who sat listening to the stories of a Louisianian in regard to the marvelous growth of sugar cane on his plantation, near New Orleans, finally said, "That ain't nothing. I've seen cane in old New England mo'n a mile long!" "What kind of cane was it?" was the general inquiry. "A hurricane!" answered the triumphant Yankee.

certain necessity of a renewed existence I acknowledged while on earth; above all, the higher intelligence confirm to us this great truth; I could not then either repeat or deny it. To-day in the life beyond the tomb, I can but confirm myself. Yes, re-incarnation is the greatest good for the welfare of his children that the Creator, in his tender love for us, established as the fundamental law of progress and of all happiness.

Allen Cardec was doubtless a very zealous advocate of that doctrine in this life, as old John Calvin was of "total depravity," and long after he had left this green earth it would seem that Swedenborg found him in the spirit world preaching the same doctrine. Should re-incarnation prove to be a matter of Divine arrangement, I expect to accept the situation in the blindest possible manner; yet as in the days of the apostles it was required to "try the spirits," so now it may be very proper to look carefully to the quality of that which comes from over the River; as the Plymouth Church preacher once remarked: "We don't always know what kind of a fish bites at the other end of the line." It is well to bear in mind that in the spirit world there must be a very great number of fun-loving wags and jokers, transcendentalists, speculative visionaries and idealists; therefore we should walk humbly in the paths of common sense, not allowing every fanciful wind of doctrine to whirl us as thistle-blows before an autumnal breeze.

Very many of us have not forgotten that a certain Mr. D. and his good lady, only a few years since, did earnestly instruct that it was necessary to reach seventy years of age in this life in order to find the boon of immortality; yet in contradiction of all they said and wrote about it, the dear little ones kept coming back to tell us that they live beyond the tomb. They stood before the vision of the Seer.

"Like eyes of cherubs shining,  
From out the vale that hid the ark,"

And many a mother's heart leaped with joy! If we lay aside our reasoning faculties at any time in dealing with matter of the world or the next, we must pay the penalty through our sad blundering.

If when the gates of death swing back and let us through we do not stay there, but all oblivious of our past life and the experience gained, we are returned again and again to pass through the lights and shades, the Golgothas and Gethsemanes of this world, then why does it not often happen that when we desire communion with a fond mother, we are not told that she is not in Heaven, but all unconscious of the life which she once had in the midst of culture and refinement she is now acting the part of Bridget, working hard fourteen hours per day for two dollars per week? If we ask for our brother James should we not be told that he left Heaven long since, and is now at labor on the earth, carrying hods of bricks up a ladder while "the man at the top does all the work?" We desire to know something of our sister Jane, and might we not be informed that she too has been re-incarnated, and is now the wife of John Smith, a drunken fellow who flogs her daily, just to keep her mellow? As for George, our dear uncle who was formerly State Senator, he knows nothing about that now, but is riding a cornstalk horse in Mrs. Reynold's nursery.

The especial custodians of this kind of knowledge fail to inform us how many returns backward into material life humanity must average in order to reach perfection; but judging from that which history has recorded touching the oversteppings and shortcomings of the human family, ten repetitions of earthly conditions might be none too much to secure ample regeneration. This has advantages over the orthodox system, for it only sponges out, say nine out of ten of all earthly personalities, which is much better than to preserve that portion in sulphur, or any other kind of continuous misery. Utter nonentity is certainly preferable to unending sorrows. It is better always not to charge to the Soul of the Universe plans and purposes so faulty and objectionable in character that no respectable gentleman would be willing to stand responsible for designs so destitute of wisdom.

Juvenile Correspondence.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE.—I like to write letters for the PRESENT AGE. I think the Little Philosophers the best story I ever read. I like Florence and Minnie Starkey's letters real well.

I have been reading lately in the Bible and I think many of the stories are not true, but I suppose the men who wrote them did not know any better. Some people think it is very wicked to say so, but I am not afraid to say what I think is true, even if it is about the Bible.

I like the PRESENT AGE very much and better and better every week. Mother thinks she could not do without it. I would like so much to go to Chicago, and if ever I do I will come and see you. I am so glad Spring has come again. The birds sing so merrily, and the grass and flowers look so fresh and beautiful that I feel as though we have one of the loveliest worlds in the Universe.

On the last day of our school we are to have an exhibition, and then I will write again. With many good wishes I remain Your friend,  
INEX PHILBRICK.

HAVANA, ILL. April 21st, 1872.

For the Present Age  
THE BEAUTIES OF RE-INCARNATION.

BY W. C. WATERS.

It has been told of a man who was somewhat skeptical touching the Scriptural whale story, that he never had any doubts after learning that a whale had been captured in which was found one of Jonah's boots—his initials being marked upon the same. Doubtless Jonah had retired for the night, and made his exit in too much haste to find both boots. But those who need something a little more definite to satisfy them of the verity of re-incarnation may be pleased to learn that a firm believer in this theory—an elderly gentleman, in his person representing January, with snowy locks and ice-bound cataracts, after being espoused to a young lady whose tender age would remind us of gentle, loving June, with rich summer foliage and fragrant flowers—was according to his testimony applied to by a dweller in the land of shades for an opportunity to be re-incarnated in an earthly tabernacle. Nothing short of genuine French politeness could have prompted such a request, as we are informed that such matters are not dependent upon the wishes of the high contracting parties to an earthly matrimonial alliance. The shade applying in this instance might have been the very same Frenchman who declined saving a drowning man because he had not been introduced.

Anna Blacknell of Paris in a recent letter states the matter squarely by saying:

"It being as I have shown in my first series of papers in Human Nature and in the Testimony of Ages, the law of human life, that we must acquire new ideas during our sojourn on the face of the earth—we see that spirits can only have in the other world, the ideas they have acquired during their last life in the flesh."

We also learn from foreign sources that Allen Cardec, speaking through media at Vienna declares that,

Re-incarnation of the spirit, after its separation from its earthly body, is indispensable to its progressive march; this essential law is the true road to perfection. The

Pleasantries.

READY FOR A KISS.

Mamma, I've been washin'.  
Don't you see I has?  
Curled my hair my own self,  
Sweetest ever was.

Nozzler time I was not  
Half as nice as this;  
See I's fixed up, mamma,  
Ready for a kiss.

Johnnie's having trouble,  
Drefta trouble, too,  
Birds' eggs in his pocket,  
Keeps a comin' through.

I ain't a dirty baby,  
Does you think I is?  
'Spect I's your pet, Taddie,  
Ready for a kiss.

Thought I'd put my Sunday  
Apron on for fun,  
'Cause I got cat feeders  
On the ozzler one.

Les' p'tend things, mamma,  
Say, now, don't you wis—  
Wis' I was a heathen,  
So you couldn't kiss?

A Western paper chronicles the hanging of a horse-thief thus: "Mr. Jim Clementon, equine abductor, of Minnesota, was lately the victim of a necktie sociable."

A matronly cat in care of her kittens is an instance of severe matronly discipline. She is licking her offspring pretty much all the time.

The young lady singer, who thought she could make her voice clear by straining it, made a great mistake.

LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAPTER IX.

"Come and see baby Christie! oh dear! oh dear! here is fun! Do hurry! so you can see the picture before it vanishes," and Mrs. Howe laughed merrily.

Dr. Howe heard the voice and hastened to the kitchen. Frank, Vicie, Ben, Ray and Dorie were all at the open door in a minute, and there sat "little Two Shoes," as they loved to call her, under the table, with a large chunk of butter in her lap, and her head, face, hands, and arms up to her elbows, covered with butter. Pieces of butter like balls hung here and there in her hair. Oh! never was there a funnier-looking baby! Mrs. Howe pointed to the churn in the corner of the kitchen, and the white cloth which had been thrown on the floor as Mrs. Two Shoes had commenced the butter experiment.

As they all stood there laughing, Christie, crawled from under the table, rose to her feet, put her two hands to her buttered head, and without a smile on her face looked wonderingly out of her blue eyes at the one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight faces centered on her. She seemed to wonder what it all meant. At that moment in came Mary.

"Bless me! bless me! The child is butter from top to toe; that beats all I ever did see. I have heard of wax babies but never of a butter baby. She has been to the churn! Deary! deary! The butter came at last. I believe I worked three hours at it; then I covered it with a cloth for a moment. You've two pounds on you if you have a bit."

"She is a philosopher," said Dr.



